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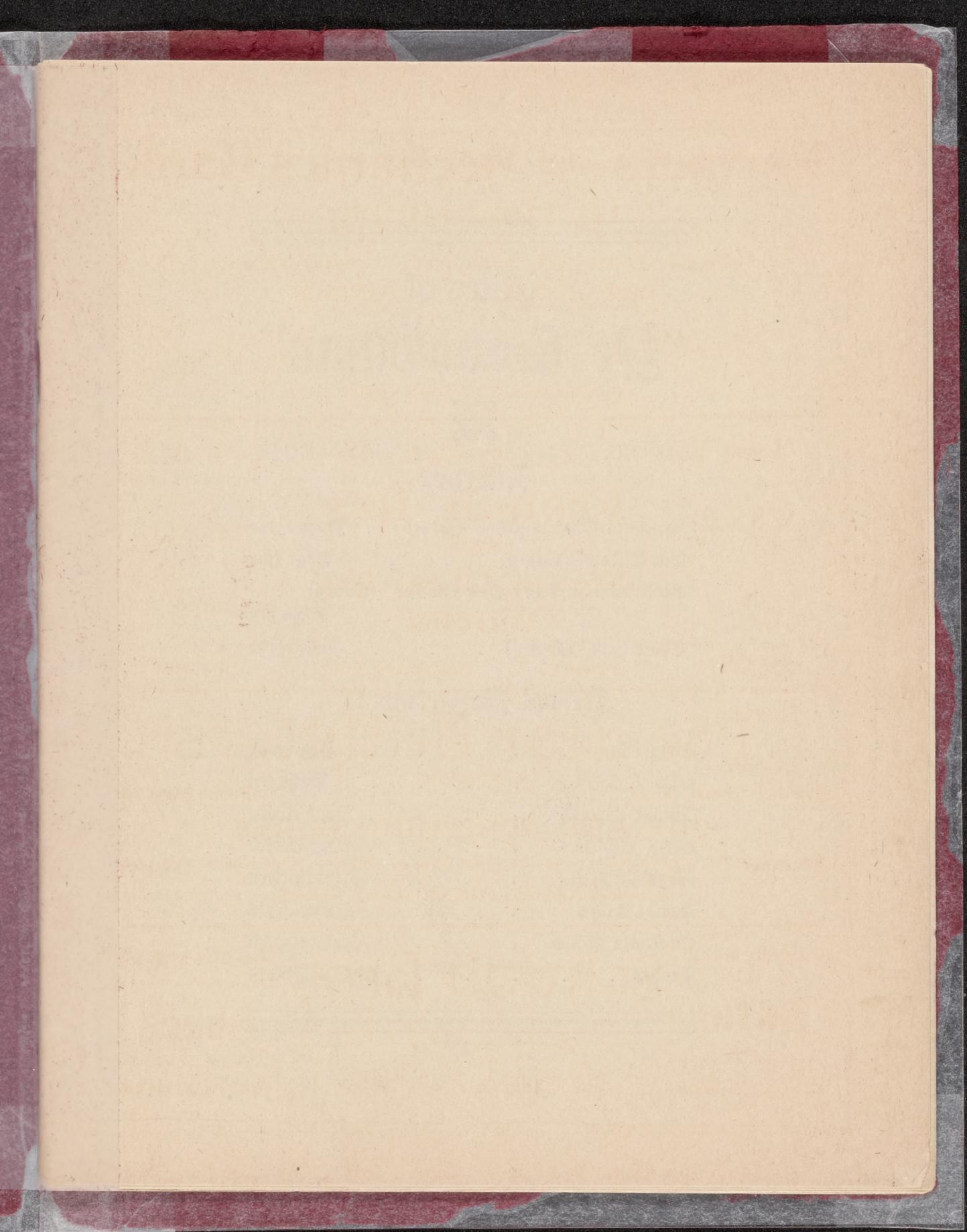
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Tales of “Ye Sotoyoman”



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The Sotoyoman



Literary Department

Vol. VI HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA NOVEMBER 1910 No. 2

An Ideal Thanksgiving

It was past mid-night and quietude reigned in the poultry yard—that is, all the various fowls had retired to their respective beds. But “Governor,” the turkey who wielded the imperial rod of the poultry kingdom, seemed restless and disturbed. Whether it was the clear moonlight that shone through the branches of trees in which he was perched or the fact that Thanksgiving was near at hand, it is hard to say. He had successfully passed several Thanksgivings and was just beginning to think he was not going to suffer the humiliation of a common turkey and be served to the family on Thanksgiving day. But one by one the big turkeys that had been raised that year had been sold until only the hens and the “little one” or rather the runt of the flock, which was always given to the poor widow who washed for the family, remained.

All turkeys have a foreboding of evil at Thanksgiving time. “Governor’s” turkey instinct told him plainly that he was in danger and if his life was to be saved he must do some lively dodging, and that day when the various uncles, aunts and cousins began to arrive, he decided that that night he would change his sleeping apartments to the huge oak tree. So after it had become dark he had stolen to the massive oak and scrambled and flew to the highest available branch. But sleep was impossible; he had spent too many nights in

the black walnut back of the barn to settle down calmly to a new abode. After fruitless efforts he decided to give it up and return to his own bed, in spite of the great risk of being caught. Then too it seemed dishonorable to run away from an imagined danger, and if it were real danger, was he not lowering his dignity to flee? Better to die a martyr than to live a coward,—so reasoning he flew hastily down and returned to his accustomed tree about one o’clock the night before Thanksgiving.

It was an ideal Thanksgiving. The air was crisp, giving one the delightful feeling of being wholly alive. The ground was covered with frost, but the large flock of noisy turkeys were not observant of the frost, but were quickly devouring the yellow corn, strewn upon the ground for their benefit. Then too, there was a bin of golden wheat that could be easily reached when they were desirous of doing so. Not only did they have all things that turkeys enjoy eating, and turkeys do love to eat, but they had a delightful sense of being safe although it was Thanksgiving, for “the people” had departed from the old custom of serving turkey to the family on Thanksgiving day. Now, turkeys were rated at their true worth and did not suffer the humiliation of being condemned to the block. Instead, they were treated with the greatest re-

spect.

On this particular Thanksgiving "Governor" moved among his children and grand children, a much respected and honored old turkey, not only for his years but because of his great wisdom. Little wonder he considered it an ideal Thanksgiving day.

"Governor's" pleasant dream was broken suddenly by a rude hand that reached up and clutched both of his legs in a cruel grasp and — — — well I think the last memory "Governor" had was that of an ideal Thanksgiving. Yet my ideal Thanksgiving is the kind that cost "Governor" his life.

L. D. '11.

Once a Freshman

Founded on Facts

V. B. N.

A freshman once of stature very high,
Assumed a bunch of Juniors to defy,
Refused to "chin" six times, at their command
At which the Juniors took him right in hand

Of all the many forms of their abuse
We will not tell--for what would be the use?
But for the grand finale a shower-bath
Was deemed most cooling to the Freshie's wrath.

Beneath the trickling stream the freshie stood
And while he shuddered, promised he'd be good;
He then was freed, and while he donned his
Decided--Well I guess nobody knows. [clothes

The Widow

By Charles Phillips '11

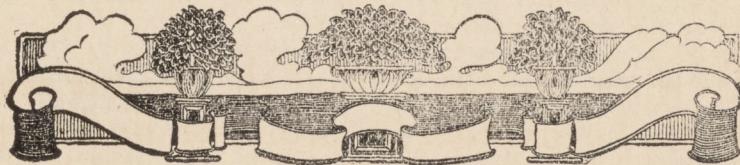
The man stood behind a tree at the side of the grassy road, at dusk, watching the house. Presently as he saw the mistress of the house, a large portly woman, go to the barn to do the evening milking, he slipped quietly into the house, a low rambling affair plainly showing the effects of age and looked carefully around. Hearing approaching footsteps, and not wishing to be forced to any deed of violence he slid under the bed, his head coming into contact with a large iron box. This was it! he knew it! Had he not heard of this very same strong box of the widow Willis' who lived on the delapidated farm and preferred her strong box to the banks of the town?

Crowley lay quiet for some time while the widow ate her supper and prepared for bed. Then suddenly he was interrupted in his meditations by a strong hand which grasped him by the ankle and dragged him over the rough boards, slivers of wood sticking into him with every jerk. "Now lay there!" a stern voice commanded. "Move and you're a dead man." Crowley meekly obeyed and in a moment was tied fast with a clothes line. Then he was bundled out, into a little dark room, secure enough

to hold a puny man like Jim Crowley. Here the widow kept him for a week feeding him on potatoes, sour bread, doughnuts and flabby pan cakes, as a chicken would be fattened for the killing.

One day Jim, who had just swallowed a particularly distasteful dinner, heard a great hustle above him as if furniture were being moved. Enlightenment soon came when the widow, looking monstrous and capable of any deed of violence to poor Jim ushered him from his prison to the upstairs. Here he saw a large room furnished with the widow's best, and in an arm chair at the end of the room sat the Justice.

Jim feared that his last day had come, but the Judge's question changed his mind. "And so this is your future husband, Mrs. Willis?" he said. "Yes," said Mrs. Willis, "Jim Crowley, Judge." "Judge, it is all a mistake, sure as you live!" gasped Jim. "I came here to steal and she caught me, and say, Judge, if I have to choose between the widow and jail, why I take—the jail!" Then as the Judge, slow of thought sat pondering over the queer state of affairs Crowley silently slipped away from the house, and—the widow.



Gwendolyn's Fairy God Mother

By Mary L. '12

Once upon a time there dwelt in San Francisco a beautiful and extremely wealthy maiden, Gwendolyn de Lallemont, who was the only daughter of a multimillionaire. One day, strangely enough, Gwendolyn lay in her room on her exquisitely carved mahogany bed, sobbing and crying, notwithstanding the fact that she was making her eyes red and swollen, and a lover of hers was expected within a few moments. She looked a perfect picture of distress as she lay there shaking with sobs. Then she spoke to herself. "The nasty thing! Its her way of robbing me of my only suitor that I love! Oh-h-h! and then she wept more unrestrainedly than before.

Suddenly she heard a voice—"Why now my child, why do you weep?" it said in a soothing, quiet tone.

Gwendolyn started up in amazement and exclaimed aloud as she saw there a little old woman, clothed in a long flowing pearly gray robe. Her hair, also gray was smoothed under a snowy cap, a few ringlets only having escaped, fell gracefully on her forehead. She had a sweet cheerful face and twinkling gray eyes which now looked with compassion upon Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn was certainly thunderstruck as she gazed at this little creature, and then at herself in the great looking glass opposite. She was arrayed in the "latest" fashion. Her skirt was a most exaggerated type of the "hobble" which she thought suited her slender figure. Her already beautiful complexion had received aid from the druggist, and her hair was puffed, curled and braided as Dame Fashion had decreed it should be. And so the little gray woman looked at her compassionately as she said "Why now, my child, what is the matter?" But Gwendolyn said curiously, "Who are you?"

"I am your fairy god mother," answered the little woman. "I have longed to do something for you since you were first born, but you have had everything you wanted, so I supposed I should never have the joy of knowing you and aiding you

in your needs. So now, when I saw you really had reached a difficulty which your father could not remove, I immediately came, myself. Now what do you want? and Gwendolyn told her.

"The only one of my many suitors whom I love, and who loves me has a cruel mother who is about to sacrifice him as a means of satisfying her daughter, Annabel, who is trying her best to rob me of him. She is giving a ball in her home to which none but the beautiful and wealthy are invited. She is having a room especially furnished and ornamented in a peculiar color scheme and the girl who by chance can get a gown to exactly match the color of the room and look really beautiful in it is going to gain my lover in marriage. Of course they all want him because he is so handsome and wealthy but I know he loves only me!" Here she began to sob once more.

Then her godmother laughed, "I can very easily remedy that. We will go in my air ship to Annabel's house and find out this mysterious color. Then whisk! and we shall be in Paris, where I shall see that you get the only gown, made in the right shade."

So saying she slipped her hand into a hidden pocket and drew forth a perfectly built aeroplane which she placed on the floor. Immediately it grew to just the size necessary to hold the two, so they got in. The little gray woman took the wheel, guided the machine up the broad chimney and way up till they were up high above the clouds.

"Now, said the Fairy, "how is this for an airship? Do you not think I might win some of those prizes offered for long flights?"

Gwendolyn felt so content that for answer she just smiled a happy, grateful smile which suited her god mother exactly. The motion through the air was so wonderfully soothing that she fell asleep, her head in her god mother's lap and when she awoke again she was in the room in Annabel's home which had just been completed for the ball. A

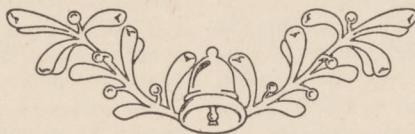
Gwendolyn gazed about she saw that the whole color scheme was an exquisitely delicate mauve heliotrope, exceedingly hard to match but one that suited exactly Gwendolyn's auburn hair, soft brown eyes and fair complexion.

Then as the god mother signified that they must be going, Gwendolyn turned to her and with a choking voice thanked her for the trip to the room "Never mind about that" said the god mother in a happy tone, "now we must hurry up and get the dress." Again they got into the aeroplane and before Gwendolyn could think6 they were transported to Paris an! were soon in the shops

searching for a piece of material of the desired shade. But in vain, they searched until at last they were forced to return without having what they wanted.

Just as they were going home, the sun set and as they watched, they saw a cloud turn just exactly the desired color. Quickly before it faded, the little woman seized it and by some magic made it into a dress which kept its fleecy fluffy nature.

So Gwendolyn went to the ball and was the only one who had "by chance" gained the desired effect in a dress. So she gained her lover for a husband and they lived happily ever after!



The Ghost

By L. Schulze '11

It was a chilly winter night in November. Dull, black clouds raced across the leaden sky and the moon shone through in fitful rays.

Mr. Starbuck, with his family were seated around the fire, all very comfortable, when he found that he had left his pipe and tobacco at the slaughter house where he had been working that afternoon. "Which one of you boys is not afraid to go and get them for me?" he said. There was some silence, then Charles, a boy of twelve years spoke up. "Ah, I ain't afraid of no ghosts, I'll go," and with that he grabbed his hat and coat and walked out.

The road to the slaughter house, which was about a mile away, lay through a dense growth of fir pines, and a story was told among the people that the ghost of a man who had shot himself there several years ago visited the place every night.

Charles marched bravely down the road whistling as he went, but never before had the trees sighed so mysteriously or the sluggish swish, swish of the river as it swept under the over-hanging limbs sounded so ominous.

Arriving at his destination, the pipe and tobacco were readily found and with slightly raised spirits the boy started back. Just as he was leaving the yards the moonlight burst through the clouds and illuminated the surroundings with sickly rays. Charles' eye fallig upon a large shank bone, he picked it up, and walked on feeling quite safe.

As he again approached the wood, Charlie began to walk faster, and by the time he had reached the supposedly haunted spot he felt quite brave. Nevertheless he looked neither to the right nor to the left, and did not lessen his speed.

When almost past the spot, he suddenly heard a low moan. Chills raced up and down his spinal column, he did not look around but again he increased his speed. Again he heard a moan, this time louder and glancing to the left he saw a terrible white object gliding toward him, sideways, in a crab like manner. Fear now froze him in his tracks and he was able to do nothing but stare at the awful thing as it drew nearer and nearer.

Finally when it was about twelve feet away, it began to sway back and forth fiendishly, and then suddenly it gave a leap towards the boy. Frightened to a frenzy, he grasped the heavy shank bone and hurled it with all his strength at the gost, striking it between the places where its eyes should have been. Then turning Charles ran for dear life, never stopping until he reached home.

Just as he started to run the ghost gave a yelp of pain, quite unghost like, and cried out, "O, Charlie, don't throw, its me," but Charlie never stopped, it is doubtful if he heard.

About ten minutes after Charles had arrived at home and told of his experience, the hired man came limping into the house with a sheet over his shoulders. Blood was streaming down his face and he had a great lump on his forehead. He had heard Charles declare that he was not afraid of gosta, and so, taking a sheet he had hidden himself in the haunted section of the woods, and came upon the boy in the manner described, thinking to scare him and then show himself. The only reason he did not receive a good thrashing from Mr. Starbuck was that he had received quite severe punishment, and he promised solemnly, never to play ghost again.



Editorial

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Can we think too often upon the spirit of true "Thanksgiving." I think not. To me this season is the most welcome of the whole year. It gives a kindly feeling toward every one and such a feeling is what we need. We cannot too often recall the purity of motive and thought and the calm, self sacrificing and thankful spirit of our Puritan ancestors who first recognized the importance of expressing their gratitude for what Providence has freely given them. If we were placed in a similar position would we recognize the blessings of God as they did. And what more appropriate season could they have chosen for a demonstration of such

sentiments? It puts a warm feeling in our hearts, now when the days are sharp or dreary. The departed summer leaves us with warmth in our hearts and harvests in our granaries.

Amidst our rejoicing and feasting let us not lose sight of the serious strain of the earnest puritan—the true spirit of Thanksgiving. We might say of this spirit—"there's nothing like it except more of it."

We are now in the midst of our preparation for the "Hallowe'en Festival," for the benefit of the Senior Class, which will have passed by the time this issue is published. The Seniors are grateful for the spirit with which the lower classmen have entered into their plans and are assisting them. This is their first experience in raising money for the well known needs of a Senior class and they heartily hope for and expect a success.

Our track shed has been completed, thanks to the worthy efforts of Homer Coolidge '09 who was formerly president of our student body and who possesses that much wrote of and sought after quality—"School Spirit." The boys now have their track and training quarters on the campus and training is convenient.

We hope that the December issue of "Ye Sotoyoman" will be more prompt. The previous issue was delayed for several reasons and consequently this issue is a little later than we intended it should be.

Owing to the fact that our Senate has not begun its meetings yet, the Senate column is missing in this issue.

SCHOOL NOTES



Una Williams '09 visited school one day last week.

Albert Simrak '11 spent a few days in the City.

A number of H. S. students journeyed to Santa Rosa to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; among those who went were:

Joe Thompson, Lela Yarbrough, Violet Yarbrough, Helen Meisner, Beulah Jones and Vernon Chaney.

A very pretty wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Yarbrough on October 2, when Georgia Yarbrough who was one of our Commercial students for a few months in 1907-08, was married to John Holt of Humboldt Co.

Those who attended the A. A. L. in Berkeley October 8, were as follows:

Alden Eldridge, Humbert Scatena, Edgar Briggs and Clare Doran.

Miss Wilkins spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in San Francisco.

Ora Mayes ex '12 visited H. S. one day recently.

The following attended the Indore A. A. L. held in San Francisco Sept., 30.

Humbert Scatena, Alden Eldridge, LaClare Shulze, Amile Passalacqua, Wayland Bagley, Everett Lampson and Arthur Moody.

Anna Hotchkiss '10 was a school visitor on Friday.

The first Inter-class field meet of the season was held at the track on the school grounds October 13.

Weaver Bagley was absent from school several days on account of an unfortunate experience in fighting fire in the field. He became surrounded by the flames and received quite severe burns on his face and hands.

Inez York ex '12 is clerking in Rosenberg and Bush's store.





Jessie Boss '09 is clerking in Mr. Hazen's Dry Goods store for the present.

Halsey Rine '10 expects to enter U. C. in January.

On Oct. 15th Homer Coolidge '09 was tended a reception at the school house in appreciation of his interest and work on the track and track buildings.

Audrey Walters '10 will enter the San Francisco Normal School in January.

Edith Passalacqua '09 will return to the Dominican College at San Rafael next month.

Crystal Gallaway '09 has entered the San Jose Normal.

Bertha Story '08 was called home last month on account of a death in the family. She is attending the San Jose Normal, from which she will graduate in December.

Addie Crispin '08 was a visitor in Healdsburg in Oct. She is attending San Francisco Normal School.

Gladys Hall will enter San Francisco Normal after the Christmas holidays.

Una Williams '09 is a reporter for the Healdsburg Tribune.

Ethel Ferguson '07 has a position in Herron's.

Some of the Alumni who were present at the Rally for Homer Coolidge were: Jirah Luce '09, Geneva Gladden '10, Anna Fopiano '10, Cethil Jones '10, Basil Hall '10.

Sunday Oct. 16, at her home in Geyserville Mabel Godding '06 was married to Louis Voelker of San Rafael.





BASKET-BALL



Score 12 to 2

We played our first game October 14 with Santa Rosa and were victorious.

The game was not very exciting as there were no good plays. The reason for this was that both teams lacked experience. Santa Rosa had several new players, a few being Freshmen. Healdsburg also had several new players but we expect to do better next time, though this victory was not a bad beginning.

The line up of Healdsburg was as follows:

Forwards: Elva Beeson, Gretchen Hall. Guards: Genevieve Mead, Ethel Gater. Centers: Hazel Vitousek touch, Beryl Dewey, Elsie Parrot and Helen Meisner.

The second team also played the grammar school, the latter being victorious. The grammar school had several advantages over the second teams, several of the girls on the second team having

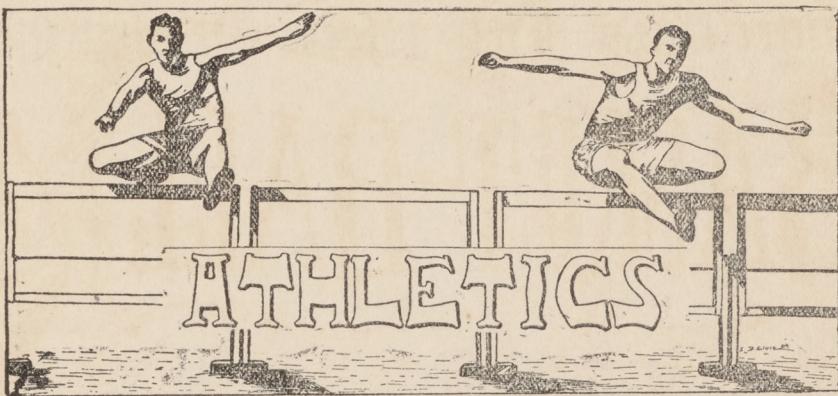
played in the game with Santa Rosa. The grammar School certainly has a good team, and we hope this victory will encourage them.

The line up was:

Grammar	Second Team
Forwards	Gretchen Hall Elsie Parrot
Guards	Louise Doran Beryl Dewey.
Centers	Genevieve Mead Helen Skee Merle Balbach.

We expect to play San Rafael soon, perhaps about the 5th of Nov. Then we wish to play Santa Rosa a return game.





SEMI-ANNUAL A. A. L. OCT. 8TH.

Our boys started out this year by taking fifth place in the Annual Academic Indoor Meet, held on Sept. 29th in the Auditorium in San Francisco. They did not do as well as they expected to do, but very well, considering the short time they had for training. Scatena secured second place in the shot-put and third in the low hurdles. Eldridge took second place in the low hurdles and fourth in the high-jump, giving Healdsburg a total of nine points.

ANNUAL INDOOR MEET--SEPT. 29TH.

The next meet in which we took part was the regular Semi-Annual A. A. L., Oct. 8th in Berkeley. The boys were able to do better in this meet, being outside. Only five of them went down, and they succeeded in winning fourth place for Healdsburg, with $14\frac{1}{2}$ points. Oakland Polytechnic High, by $\frac{1}{2}$ point, won third place from them. As to individual effort—Satena won the shot-put at 43 ft,

10 in; Doran got second in the hammer-throw; Eldridge won the pole-avault at 10ft. 6in. and tied for third place in the high-jump.

NORTHWESTERN SUB LEAGUE OCT. 15th

This took place in Petaluma. Healdsburg took third place, making thirty points. Scatena broke the record for the discus-throw by throwing 98 ft. 8 in. He also won the shot-put, 44 ft. 10 in, and secured second place in the broad-jump. Doran won third place in the hammer-throw and fourth in the discus. Eldridge broke the league record in the pole-avault with a leap of 10 ft. 10 in. and secured second place in the high-jump. Briggs secured fourth in the 220 yard dash and fourth in the shot-put. Schulze won fourth place in the quarter mile. In the relay Healdsburg won third place.

The boys have now commenced practicing Basket Ball and we trust they will not only do as well as they did last year but better, so here's hoping.

Continued on Next Page.

Inter-class Field Meet, October 22d

In this, the Seniors and Sophomores contested against the Juniors and Freshmen. The former won without much trouble.

Total points—Seniors and Sophomores—84 Juniors and Freshmen 43.

Following is a record of events:

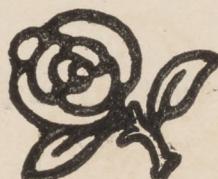
TRACK EVENTS

EVENT	1st PLACE	2nd PLACE	3rd PLACE	TIME
50 yd dash	McCutchan, '13	Briggs, '14	Schulze, '11	5:04
100 yd dash	Briggs, '14	McCutchan, '13	Schulze, '11	11:00
220 yd dash	Briggs, '14	Schulze, '11	McCutchan, '13	24:00
440 yd dash	Bagley, '13	Madeira, '14	-----	62:00
880 yd run	Bagley, '13	Moody, '11	-----	2:25
1 mile run	Moody, '11	Chaney, '13	Small, '13	5:22
200 yd hurdles	Jeffry, '11	Price, '13	Andrews, '14	32:00
120 yd hurdles	Eldridge, '13	Price, '13	-----	17:02

FIELD EVENTS

EVENT	1st PLACE	2nd PLACE	3rd PLACE	DISTANCE
Hammer Throw	Doran, '11	Bruce, '12	Byington, '13	130 ft. 10 in.
Discus Throw	Doran, '11	Byington, '13	Jeffry, '12	84 ft.
Shot Put	Scatena, '12	Doran, '11	Byington, '13	48 ft. 4 in.
High Jump	Hicklin, '13	Frost, '14	Banks, '14	height, 5 ft. 2 in.
Pole Vault	Price, '13	Passalacqua, '14	Madeira, '13	height, 8 ft.
Broad Jump	Banks, '14	Jones, '13	Madeira, '14	17 ft. 10 in.

Total Points—Seniors and Sophomores, 84. Juniors and Freshmen, 43.





Social Notes.

S. D. G. '07

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

On Friday evening, Sept. 29, the Freshman class gave a party in Truitt's Hall. It was an invitational affair and was attended by a majority of the High School. Many games were played and an enjoyable evening was spent by all. The dainty refreshments served were a credit to the "freshie" girls and at a late hour all departed declaring the infants very good hosts and hostesses.

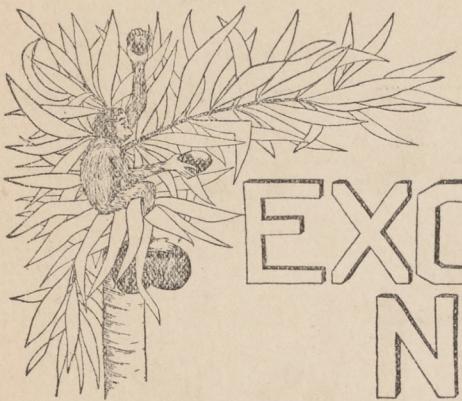
Saturday evening, October 15, a rally was held in the high school. It was in honor of a member of the alumni, Homer Coolidge who has been most kindly assisting in the building of the track-house. Games and music were the chief features of the evening and, out of consideration for the athletic

boys who had partaken in a meet that afternoon, the rally broke up before the "wee hours." Mr. Coolidge, the guest of honor, considered it a great treat to see so many of his old friends gathered together.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The German Glee Club held its first meeting Tuesday October 18, at the home of our language teacher, Miss Harmon. A social time was combined with the business affairs. Helen Meisner was elected the president for this term and Helen Emmerich secretary. Hereafter our German friends are to meet once each week for refreshing their memories in speech and song.





EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is the up to date and successful man of affairs who can and does recognize and appreciate new friends as well as those who have already proven themselves worthy of esteem. Consequently we of this paper, in order to be up to date and successful, are always ready to appreciate and are very thankful for any new friend that arrives at our school.

The commencement number of "The Ibex," from Woodland High is decidedly good. The pictures of the various teams and graduates are excellent and the arrangement shows considerable thought. However it is very bad form to place odds in the front of a High School paper and the Exchange editor needs jogging up.

In "The Tiger" from the School of Mechanical Arts we find a very unique paper indeed and we are always glad to exchange with you. Your group of stories shows talent, and your jokes are fine. A separate cut for girls athletics would greatly add to the effect.

Our near neighbors are also very welcome for unless we have friends at home we will not have friends abroad and we are always glad to see "The Spectator" from Cloverdale upon our table.

Not the least whit behind the above named paper comes "The Echo" of Santa Rosa High. A paper more worthy of praise would be hard to find, nevertheless a trifle more work on the part of the exchange editor would aid the general effect to a great extent.

"The Porcupine" from Reedley is not behind the others in desirability and although your school is apparently small your staff is well chosen indeed. The cuts show originality and the jokes are amusing.

In The "Alert" of Turlock High, we find one of

the best if not the most perfect of school papers from a literary standpoint. Your arrangement is excellent, your cuts clear and the paper is of good quality. The one fault of the entire paper lies in the sameness in the choice of stories. They are all of the same character and class of storiette, not having that distinctiveness so essential in a group of this kind. They are a trifle too far fetched, contain too much sentiment and not enough real life and action.

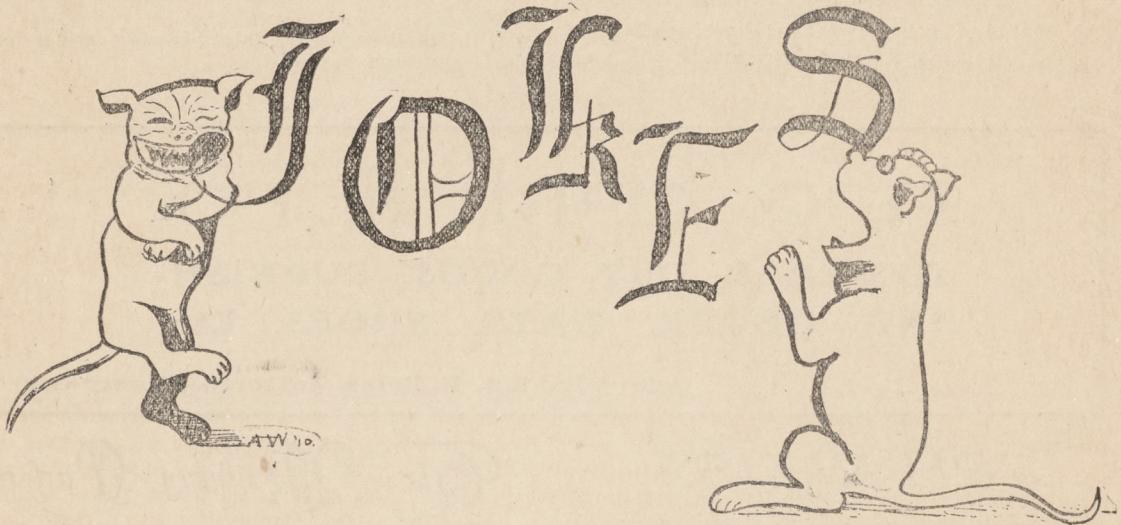
"The Crocus" of Mitchel High School. A very neat little paper indeed. However it is crude and can be greatly improved by more careful work.

Our friend "The Olla Podrida" of Berkeley High shows considerable thought and preparation in the September number. The story of "The River Pirates" well portrays acquaintance with the effectiveness of the vernacular. Also the poem "The Plea" deserves credit.

Cogswell's paper for October certainly is out on time and has by no means lost any of its usual quality in the rush. "The Outcast" is an excellent story. The cuts are original and also of sufficient number.

Our distant friend the Jar.us from Hanford is indeed a well arranged school periodical. They have ideas that are orginal, and the story, "Filling Out a Crew," is excellent. Also the cuts are well chosen.

Cardinal from Covina, you are not in the least behind our other worthy friends when it comes to quality. Except for the fact that you mar the entire effect of an otherwise excellent paper, by placing advertisements at the front of a Commencement number, there are no criticisms the rest is praise exclusively.



"Bobby, what is steam?"

"Boiling water."

"Thats' right; compare it."

"Positive; boil, comparative; boiler, superlative; bust."

—Ex.

Mr. Bull in Phys. IV. "Now you must listen, you might happen to get something to stay in your head if you will allow it to get in."

Seen on a Senior History Test Paper.

"Magellan sailed around Africa, through the straight that bears his name and reached India."

A summer tourist was passing through a German village in the west recently, when a German girl came to the front door and called to a small girl playing in front; "Gusty! Gusty," she said, "come in and eat yourself, ma's on the table and pa's half et."

—Ex.

She: "Suppose I should refuse to marry you, what would you do?"

He: "I would wring your neck."

She: "Suppose I consented."

He: "Then I would ring your finger."

Miss Wilkins, (Drawing II to E. P. '13) "you must not be babies any longer like Miss Hendricks."

POLITICS IN H. H. S.

Conversation between Price, Doran and Moody.

Price, "Say boys what is Walter Price, Democrat or Republican?"

Doran, "Republican of course."

Price—"Well say, Moody, what are you?"

Moody—"I am a temperance man."

Doran—"Yes he belongs to the booze fighters and the funeral gang."

H. S. '12 (talking about hats) "We wont let the Freshies wear them."

C. P. '11 "No they've got to wear 'Tam o'-Shanters.'

HISTORY II.

Miss Jarman—"Harold what is the most important unit in a civilized nation?"

J. H. M. '13—"Marriage."

Miss W. (to R. P. '13) "You are a naughty little boy this year."

Its high time the teachers found out that he is naughty.

Prof. H. (to W. P. '14) "Willie! Willie! Willie! What's the matter. It takes a great deal to raise you"

Miss W. (to Freshies of course) "It would be advisable for you to leave your toys at home"

P. P. '13 to E. B. '14 (who is about to account the height of six feet)—"You should work more—a big fellow like you! Here is Albert who isn't

half your size and he does just twice as much as you do."

E. B. '14—"And sure, 'aint his work easier for him?—its closer to him."

O. O. COBB & CO. GENERAL DRY GOODS, FURNISH- ING GOODS, HATS, SHOES, Etc.

Agent for Ed. V. Price Tailoring Company

EPH WEISS

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Druggist, Healdsburg, Cal.

SHOW

At Truitt's Theatre

Every Thursday Night

By the Wall - Talbot Stock Company

POPULAR PRICES--15, 25, Reserved, 35c.

J. H. M. '13 (reciting on Richard I.) "Richard was the chief leader in the Third Crusade. While in the Holy Land he performed great 'strength of feat' (feet)"

And he still wondered why the class laughed.

Prof. H. (addressing the student body on the matter of tickets)

"I am confident that there will not be enough so we are going to have some more struck off"

Excited voice from the rear—"Struck whom?"

GEOMETRY.

Proposition: Any hen is immortal given: a hen.
To prove: That the hen is immortal.

Proof. 1. Any one whose son (sun) never sets is immortal.

2. A hen's son never sets (sits)

3. Therefore a hen is immortal.

—Ex.

M. GRAY

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AND MILLINERY**

**Agents for Pianos and
Sewing Machines**

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We carry House Furnishings,
Hardware, Tinware, Crockery,
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We are now showing our **Fall and Winter Line of Clothing**, Hats and Furnishing Goods, Coats, Suits, Wraps, waists, Fancy Goods, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.

ROSENBERG & BUSH, Inc.

J. B. '12—"My tickets are all greasy, so I guess I can't sell them.

V. N. 11'—"What did you get them greasy for?"

J. B.—"I thought they'd slip out of my paws easier—but they don't!"

"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to a very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's.

¶ "Now, what comes after 'G'?

"Whizz."

For Women

New Net Waists
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New Models
W. B. Corsets
Furs, Sweater Coats
Rain Proof Umbrellas

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Ladies and Gents
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Home Paper

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T. J. HANNON

"There's a price on your head" hissed the villain.
The heroine crouched back in terror, for she remembered that she had forgotten to take the tag off her new Easter bonnet.

—Ex.

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GENERAL
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UNION HOTEL

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Cuisine and Service Unexcelled

J. H. M. '13 (Speaking of Byron's marriage).
"She afterwrds consented for some unknown
reason."

"Who originated the first geometrical problem?"
Noah must have. He constructed the arc B. C.
—Ex.

Jimmie Dumps
Hobo
Bosco
Pippin
Harry Hit
Tred Wright
Freak

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Miss W.—“You act just like babies, you like to make a noise with your hands” (She shows us how.) Prof. H. (to R. P. 13') “That you talking? Well it's pretty big talk for such a little boy”

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